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THE ENGINEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

Today in this age of technology when engineering graduates are wooed and courted by all of America's great industries, how do you account for the fact that Rimbaud Sigafoos, who finished at the very top of his class at M.I.T., turned down hundreds of attractive job offers to accept employment as a machinery wiper at the Acme Ice Company at a salary of $20 a week with a twelve-hour day, a seven-day week, and only fifteen minutes for lunch?

I know what you are thinking: "*Cherchez la femme!*" You are thinking that Mr. Acme, head of the Acme Ice Company, has a beautiful daughter with whom Rimbaud is madly in love and he took the job only to be near her.

Friends, you are wrong. It is true that Mr. Acme does have a daughter, a *large, torpid lass named Claudia* who spends all her waking hours scooping marzipan out of a bucket and staring at a television set which has not worked in some years. Rimbaud has not the slightest interest in Claudia; nor, indeed, does any other man, excepting possibly John Ringling North.

So how come Rimbaud keeps working for the Acme Ice Company? Can it be that they provide him with free Marlboro Cigarettes, and all day long he is able to settle back, make himself comfortable and enjoy the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste?

No, friends, no. Rimbaud is not allowed to smoke on the job and when he finishes his long, miserable day he has to buy his own Marlboros, even as you and I, in order to settle back and enjoy that choice tobacco, that smooth, mellow flavor, that incomparable filter, that pack or box.

Well, friends, you might as well give up because you'll never in a million years guess why Rimbaud works for the Acme Ice Company. The reason is simply this: Rimbaud is a seal!

He started as a performing seal in vaudeville. One night on the way to the Ed Sullivan show, he took the wrong subway. All night the poor mammal rode the B.M.T., seeking a helping hand. Finally a kindly brakeman named Ernest Thompson Sigafoos rescued the hapless Rimbaud.

He took Rimbaud home and raised him as his own, and Rimbaud, to show his appreciation, studied hard and got excellent marks and finished a distinguished academic career as valedictorian of M.I.T.

Rimbaud never complained to his kindly foster father, but through all those years of grammar school and high school and college, he darn near died of the heat! A seal, you must remember, is by nature a denizen of the Arctic, so you can imagine how poor Rimbaud must have suffered in subtropical New York and Boston, especially in those tight Ivy League suits.

But today at the Acme Ice Company, Rimbaud has finally found a temperature to his liking. He is very happy and sends greetings to his many friends.

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Any time, any clime, you get a lot to like with a Marlboro—and with Marlboro's newest partner in pleasure, the unfiltered, king-size, brand-new Philip Morris Commander. Get aboard!

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